

# The Mirror

OF

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## The Chain Bridge in China.



Whether the Chinese are right in assigning to their portion of the world a much greater antiquity than we are willing to allow, may be fairly questioned; but certain it is, that in China many arts and sciences have been known at a period when the European nations were sunk in barbarity and ignorance. As one of the many proofs which might be adduced in support of this remark, we may mention that the Chinese were the first to construct chain or suspension bridges, which have only within the last few years been introduced into this country, from the United States of America.

In No. XVIII. of the MIRROR we gave an engraving and description of the Iron Suspension Bridge over the Tweed, and we at the same time alluded to an iron or chain bridge in China. Of this bridge, which is certainly the oldest of the kind at present known to exist, we this week present our readers with an engraving, and a more romantic scene it is difficult to conceive. This famous bridge is on

Vol. II.

the road to Yun Nan, in the province of Kooi-Tcheou. It is thrown over a rapid torrent between two lofty mountains, and was constructed by a Chinese Général, in the year 65 of the Christian era. At each end of the rocky mountain, a gate has been erected, between two stone pillars, six or seven feet high, by seventeen or eighteen feet wide. Between these pillars four chains are suspended by large rings, and united transversely by smaller chains. Over these chains is a flooring of beams or planks of timber, which are renewed as often as they become decayed. Other chain bridges have been constructed in China, in imitation of this; but none of them are either so large or have been so durable. To the very limited intercourse the Europeans are allowed in the interior of China, is to be attributed the circumstance that an invention which promises to be of such general utility as chain bridges, was not introduced into this country until upwards of eighteen centuries after it was known in China.

I

# RECOLLECTIONS OF THOMSON, POPE, LYTTLETON, QUIN, &c.

BY THOMSON'S HAIR-DRESSER.

(For the Mirror.)

Through the kindness of our correspondent *Kiow*, we are enabled to present our readers with a very interesting document. A memorandum of a conversation with Mr. William Taylor, formerly barber and peruke maker, at Richmond, in Surrey, which contains many curious particulars of the poets, Thomson and Pope; Lord Lyttleton, Quin, Mallet, Armstrong, &c. The conversation was held in one of the alcoves on Richmond Green, in September 1791, at which time poor Taylor was blind. This alcove was a rural rendezvous for a set of old invalids on nature's infirm list, who met there every afternoon in fine weather to recount and comment on the tales of other times. Taylor said that the late Dr. Dodd had applied to him several years ago for anecdotes and information relative to Thomson.

When this poet first came to London he took up his abode with Park Egerton, Millar's predecessor, the bookseller near Whitehall, and finished his poem on *Winter* in the apartment over the shop. It remained on his shelves a long time unnoticed; but after Thomson began to gain some reputation as a poet, he either went himself, or was taken by Mallet, to Millar in the Strand, with whom he entered into new engagements for printing his works, which so much incensed his first patron, and his countryman also, that they never afterwards were cordially reconciled, although Lord Lyttleton took uncommon pains to mediate between them. The following is a minute of the most important part of the conversation:—

Mr. Taylor, do you remember any thing of Thomson, who lived in Kew Lane some years ago? Thomson, Thomson the poet?—Aye, very well. I have taken him by the nose many hundred times; I shaved him, I believe, seven or eight years or more; he had a face as long as a horse; and he perspired so much, that I remember, after walking one day in summer, I shaved his head without lather by his own desire. His hair was as soft as a camel's. I hardly ever felt such; and yet it grew so remarkably, that if it was but an inch long, it stood upright on end from his head like a brush.—His person I am told was large and clumsy? Yes; he was pretty corpulent, and stooped forward rather when he walked, as though

he was full of thought; he was very careless and negligent about his dress, and wore his clothes remarkably plain.—Did he always wear a wig? Always in my memory, and very extravagant he was with them. I have seen a dozen at a time hanging up in my master's shop, and all of them so big that nobody else could wear them. I suppose his perspiring to such a degree made him have so many, for I have known him spoil a new one only in walking to London.

—He was a great walker, I believe? Yes; he used to walk from Malloch's, at Strand on the Green, near Kew Bridge, and from London, at all hours in the night; he seldom liked to go into a carriage, and I never saw him on horseback. I believe he was too fearful to ride.—Had he a Scotch accent? Very broad: he always called me *Wall*.

—Did you know any of his relations? Yes; he had two nephews [cousins?] Andrew and Gilbert Thomson, both gardeners, who were much with him.

Andrew used to work in his garden and keep it in order at over hours; he died at Richmond, about eleven years ago, of a cancer in his face. Gilbert, his brother, lived at East Sheen with one Squire Taylor, till he fell out of a mulberry tree and was killed.—Did T. keep much company? Yes, a good deal of the *writing sort*. I remember Pope, and Paterson, and Malloch, and Lyttleton, and Dr. Armstrong, and Andrew Millar, the bookseller, who had a house near Thomson's in Kew Lane. Mr. Robertson (one of the company) could tell you more about them.—Did Pope often visit him? Very often, he used to wear a light-coloured great coat, and commonly kept it on in the house; he was a strange ill-formed little figure of a man; but I have heard him and Quin, and Paterson, talk together so at Thomson's, that I could have listened to them for ever.—Quin was frequently there, I suppose? Yes; Mrs. Hobart, his housekeeper, often wished Quin dead, he made his master drink so. I have seen him and Quin coming from the Castle together at four o'clock in the morning, and not over sober you may be sure. When he was writing in his own house, he frequently sat with a bowl of punch before him, and that a good large one too.—Did he sit much in his garden? Yes; he had an arbour at the end of it, where he used to write in summer time. I have known him lie along by himself upon the grass near it, and talk away as though three or four people were with him.—Did you ever see any of his writings? I was once

tempted, I remember, to take a peep; his papers used to lie in a loose pile upon the table in his study, and I had longed for a look at them a good while: so one morning while I was waiting in the room to shave him, and he was longer than usual before he came down, I slipped off the top sheet of paper and expected to find something very curious, but I could make nothing of it. I could not even read it, for the letters looked all like in one.—He was very affable in his manner? O yes! he had no pride; he was very free in his conversation, and very cheerful, and one of the best natured men that ever lived.—He seldom was much burthened with cash? No, to be sure he was deuced long-winded; but when he had money, he would send for his creditors and pay them all round; he has paid my master between twenty and thirty pounds at a time.—You did not keep a shop yourself at that time? No, Sir; I lived with one Lander here for twenty years, and it was while I was prentice and journeyman with him that I used to wait on Mr. T. Lander made his majors and bobs, and a person in Craven Street, in the Strand, made his tie wigs. An excellent customer he was to both.—Did you dress any of his visitors? Yes; Quin and Lyttleton, Sir George I think he was called. He was so tender-faced, I remember, and so devilish difficult to shave, that none of the men in the shop dared to venture on him except myself. I have often taken Quin by the nose too, which required some courage, let me tell you. One day he asked particularly if the razor was in good order, protested he had as many barbers' ears in his parlour at home as any boy had birds' eggs on a string, and swore, if I did not shave him smoothly, he would add mine to the number. "Ah," said Thomson, "Wull shaves very well, I assure ye."—You have seen the Seasons, I suppose? Yes, Sir, and once had a great deal of them by heart (he here quoted a passage from Spring). Shepherd, who formerly kept the Castle inn, showed me a book of Thomson's writing, which was about the rebellion in 1745, and set to music; but I think he told me not published.—The cause of his death is said to have been taking a boat from Kew to Richmond, when he was much heated by walking? No, I believe he got the better of that; but having had a batch of drinking with Quin, he took a quantity of cream of tartar, as he frequently did on such occasions; which, with a fever before,

carried him off. [Mr. Robertson did not assent to this.]—He lived, I think, in Kew Foot-lane? Yes, and died there, at the furthest house, next Richmond Gardens, now Mr. Boscawen's: he lived some time before at a smaller one, higher up, inhabited by Mrs. Davis.—Did you attend him to the last? Sir, I shaved him the very day before his death; he was very weak, but made a shift to sit up in bed. I asked him how he found himself that morning? "Ah, Wull," he replied, "I am very bad indeed." Taylor concluded by giving a hearty encomium on his character.

The following epitaph on Thomson was published in a paltry edition of his works, about the year 1788:

Others to marble may their glory owe,  
And boast those honours sculpture can bestow;

Short-lived renown:—that every moment must

Sink with its emblem, and consume to dust.

But Thomson needs no artist to engrave,

From dumb oblivion no device to save;  
Such vulgar aids let names inferior ask,  
Nature for him assumes herself the task;

The Seasons are his monuments of fame,

With them to flourish, as from them it came.

#### ODE,

TO THE FLEAS OF HELVOETSLUYS.

Nimble freebooters of this marshy land,

I think it neither complaisant nor right,

That you light infantry—a sum'rous band,

Should put the dream-crown'd God of sleep to flight.

From boundless liberty what mischiefs flow—

France to such doctrines owed her recent ruin:

Your lobster-rabble, driving to and fro,

Like it, will gallop on their own undoing.

In vain I twist and twine, and grunt and groan,

Still uppermost the hungry varlets fly,

Pull my poor flesh from every smarting bone,

And bid sweet slumber quit my closing eye.

The cold phlegmatic Dutchman cannot  
feel

Your sharp-nosed miners diving thro'  
his skin;

He mocks your efforts with a hide of  
steel—

My cov'ring (fortune knows) is ra-  
ther thin.

E'en now I hear a starving glutton cry,  
(Poking his brown-snout from the  
blankets' shade),

"No fear that we shall of a famine  
die,

For here's a plump, fine, fat, young,  
juicy blade:

"No Frenchman this, without an ounce  
of fat,

No Dutchman—gross impenetrable  
meat,

Whose rancid flesh tastes like an old  
run cat—

No—he's delicious all!—eat, eat!  
Seas! eat!

"Heav'n! pick a bit of this: the su-  
per's fine

And rich as turtle—what a juicy  
part!

How devilish unlucky I should dine,  
Before I found him:—Ah! I've made  
him start."

Sweet Sir, you have indeed; your  
piercing snout,

Which you expertly manage like a  
drill,

Gives a pang sharper than the stone or  
gout;

Case-harden'd I must be, if I lie still.

But, prithee, spare me! murderers as  
you are,

Your hearts are not so callous as to  
keep

A rugged seaman, doom'd to toil se-  
vere,

From his short interval of ease and  
sleep.

Let me forget the frowns of those whose  
scorn

Oft rends my heart-strings—Let me  
sleep. O seas!

Grant me a respite, gentlemen, till morn,  
And eat me in the day-time, if you  
please.

JACK TAR.

#### PUNNING LETTER FROM A MUSICIAN TO HIS MISTRESS.

DEAR MISS CLIFF,

Since your charms are in unison  
with my soul, and thrill through every  
organ, why have you altered your tone  
towards me? You have now got into a  
new key, and endeavour to torture me

with suspension, and to sharpen my af-  
fection by your unusual flatness; but  
as I am no natural, tell me what cre-  
chet has got into your head. Your  
measures have come to such a pitch,  
that the allegro of my disposition, once  
my constant accompaniment, is gone,  
and a grave mood substituted in its  
place. The thought of those sturs I  
have received, makes me quaver, and  
shakes my whole system. La! my  
dear, how can you be instrumental to  
my miseries? they prove a bar to my  
rest. The acuteness of your accents  
always ring in my ear. I once thought  
that the tenor of our acquaintance,  
would have led to delightful graces  
of modulation, and you consent to  
be connected with me by a tie according  
to the canons. A treble share of happi-  
ness would then be my portion. You  
would be raised in the scale of life an  
octave higher; our endeavours would,  
I trust, in common time, be productive  
of some finished composition, the pledge  
of our loves, no matter whether forte  
or piano.

But marriage is dangerous, unless  
I can prevail with you to abstain from  
these *ad libitum* leaps, which too many  
married ladies indulge in. For note  
this, that whenever any irregular ca-  
dence of yours is introduced into the  
recitative of any company, the upper  
parts of the ridicule will run principally  
upon me, *da capo*, as one might say,  
which would put me quite out of tune.

Smile on me and I shall be merry as  
a jig; but if you continue to use me in  
so thorough base a manner, I shall  
close the piece with a mournful chord.  
By a natural gradation, I am come to  
the end, though I have more to say on  
the score of marriage, which shall be  
the key note of many other sonatas of  
this kind, that you may expect to be  
stunned with, as long as your cruelty  
obliges me to remain

Sole.

(For the Mirror.)

#### TROUBADOURS IN LOVE.

They were the ancient poets of Pro-  
vince, who wrote, set, and sung their  
own verses. They had a Code of Love  
consisting of 31 articles, of which the  
following are a few:—1. Marriage is  
not a lawful excuse for not falling in  
love. 2. A man who cannot be silent  
cannot love. 3. No one can love two  
persons at the same time. 4. Love  
must ever be increasing or diminishing.  
7. A widowhood of two years must be  
undergone for a dead lover. 15. Every

lover is bound to grow pale at the sight of his mistress. 17. A new love expels the old. 23. A true lover is bound to be sparing in sleep and food. 26. Love can deny nothing to love.—Guillaume de Bergedon, a Troubadour, had loved a maiden from her infancy: as she grew up, he declared his love; and she promised to bestow a kiss on him when he should visit her: but she now refused to fulfil this promise, under pretext that, at the period when she made it, she was not aware of the consequences. This case was referred to a certain lord: he decided that the lady should be at the mercy of the Troubadour, who should take a kiss \* and immediately restore the same.

A Cavalier loved a lady; and as he did not enjoy frequent opportunities of conversing with her, it was agreed between them that they should communicate by the intervention of a secretary, by which means their passion might be the better concealed. The Secretary, however, forgetting the confidence reposed in him, pleaded his own cause, and was heard with a favourable ear. The cavalier then denounced him to the Countess of Champagne, and humbly demanded that the offence should be judged by her and the other ladies; to which the criminal himself assented. The Countess having convoked 60 ladies, pronounced the following judgment: "Let this fraudulent lover, who has met with a lady worthy of him, that has not blushed to become an accomplice in so shameful an offence, enjoy his ill-bought pleasure, and let her pride herself in her lover. But let them both be for ever excluded from all other attachments; and let them never be convoked to the assemblies of the ladies or the courts of the knights, since he has offended against the knightly oath, and she, contrary to womanly modesty, has yielded to the love of a Secretary."—See "*Choix des Poésies Originales des Troubadours, &c. par M. Raynouard. Paris.*" P. T. W.

### The Sketch Book.

No. IV.

#### A PRISON.

BY EARL BISHOP OF SALISBURY.

A prison is the grave of the living, where they are shut out from the world and their friends; and the worms that

\* Wreland, the German novelist, says, "Love begins with the first sigh, and ends with the first kiss."

gnaw upon them are their own thoughts and the jailer. 'Tis a house of meagre looks and ill smells; for vermin, drink, and tobacco, are the compound. Pluto's court was exprest from this fancy, and the persons are much about the same party that is there. You may ask, as Manippus in Lucan, which is Nireus? which Thersites? which the beggar? which the knight? for they are all suited in the same form, of a kind of nasty poverty: only to be out at elbows is in fashion here, and 'tis a great indecorum not to be threadbare. Every man shows here like so many wrecks upon the sea; here the ribs of a thousand pounds; here the relic of so many manors is a doublet without buttons; and 'tis a spectacle of more pity than executions are. The company, one with another, is but a vying of complaints, and the causes they have to rail on fortune, and fool themselves; and there is a great deal of good fellowship in this. They are commonly, next their creditors, most bitter against the lawyers, as men that have had a great share in assisting them thither. Mirth here is stupidity, or hard-heartedness; yet they feign it sometimes to shun melancholy, and keep off themselves from themselves, and the torment of thinking what they have been. Men huddle up their life here as a thing of no use, and wear it out like an old suit, the faster the better; and he that deceives the time best, best spends it. It is the place where new comers are most welcomed, and next them ill news, as that which extends their fellowship in misery, and leaves few to exult; and they breathe their discontents more securely here, and have their tongues at more liberty than their bodies. Men see here much sin and calamity, and when the last does not mortify, the other hardens; and those that are wicked here are desperately wicked, as those from whom the honour of sin is taken off and the punishment familiar: and commonly a hard thought passes on all that come from this school, which, though it teach much wisdom, it is too late, and with danger; and it is better to be a fool than to come here to learn it.

#### THE ANGLER,

No. III.

*Chub—Dace—Eel—Pinnock—Grayling—Gudgeon—Loach—Minnow.*

The Chub, or Chevin, is, like the perch, a very bold biter; and will rise eagerly at a natural or artificial fly. They spawn in June, or at the

latter end of May, at which time they are easily caught by a fly, a beetle with his legs and wings cut off, or still more successfully by a large snail. When they are fished for at mid-water, or at bottom, a float should be made use of; when at top, it is customary to dib for them, or to use a fly, as if a trout were the angler's object. Strong tackle is also requisite, as they are a heavy fish, and usually require a landing net to pull them out. Their average length is from ten to fourteen inches. This fish is the *squalus* of Varro, and very common throughout England, and the eastern United States.

*Dace*, *Dart* or *Dare*, are a very active and cautious fish, and rise to a fly, either real or artificial. It is necessary in angling for them to remain in concealment as much as possible. They spawn in February and March, and they are but inferior in point of flavour. They frequent gravelly, clayey, and sandy bottoms, leaves of the water-lily, and deep holes, if well shaded. In sultry weather they are frequently caught in the shallows; and during that period, are best taken with grasshoppers or gentles. In fishing at bottom for roach or dace, which are similar in their haunts and disposition, bread soaked in water, and kneaded to a good consistency, and then made up together with bran into round balls, and thrown into the place where it is proposed to angle, will be found very serviceable, but must always be thrown up the stream. There is a mode of intoxicating dace, and by this means rendering them an easy prey; but this is no part of the real angler's sport. The Thames is well known to abound in dace: and the graining of the Mersey is thought to be a variety of the same species.

The *Eel* is rarely angled for, but it is usually caught by the process of snigging or bobbing with night lines, &c. Being fond of quiet in the day time, all who expect much sport in eel-fishing must devote their evenings, and even whole nights, to the pursuit. The method of snigging for eels is as follows:—Take a common needle, attached in the middle by fine waxed twine to a packthread line, or a strong small hook fixed to this kind of line; place a large lob worm, by the head end, on your needle or hook, and draw him on to his middle; affix another needle to the end of a long stick, and guide your bait with it into any of the known haunts of the fish, between mill-boards, or into clefts of banks or holes, holding the line in your hand, now give the

eel time to gorge the bait, and then by a sharp twitch fix the needle across his throat, or the hook into his body; tire him well, and your triumph is certain. Although this is not strictly a method of angling, the lovers of that sport will find it so successful a mode of diversifying their pursuits, where eels are common, that the present appeared the most convenient place to insert it. Bobbing is a rough species of angling. The best method is to provide yourself with a considerable number of good-sized worms, and string them from head to tail, by a needle, on fine strong twine, viz., to the amount of a pound, or a pound and a half in weight. Wind them round a card into a dozen or fifteen links, and secure the two ends of each link by threads. Now tie a strong cord to the bundle of string worms, about a foot from which put on a bored plummet, and angle with a line from two to three feet long, attached to a stout tapering pole. Eels, and perhaps pike, are found in no part of Great Britain in such numbers or variety as in the marshy parts of the counties of Cambridge and Lincoln. Of two rivers of the latter, it is said in an old proverb,

Ankham eel and Witham pike,

In all England is none like; and a considerable district of the former is supposed to have been called after the fish of which we are now treating, the Isle of Ely; from which, says Fuller, the courts of the Kings of England were anciently supplied with eels. The silver eel is the finest, and is very common in Scotland.

The manner in which this fish is propagated, has long been a matter of dispute. They have neither spawn, melt, or known organs of generation. Walton gravely argues for their being bred of corruption, "as some kind of bees and wasps are;" others strongly contend for their being viviparous. It is a subject, indeed, upon which naturalists have no certain information. Eels bite in a shower, and in windy, gloomy weather, at the lob and garden worm, designed for other fish, particularly trout. Unlike other fish, they are never out of season. They are a very greedy fish, and if you wish to angle for them in the ordinary way, they will take a lamprey, wasp, grub, minnow, &c.; but particularly the first.

The *Pinnock*, or *Hirling*, is a species of sea-trout which usually attains the length of from nine to fourteen inches, and is principally known in Scotland; the whirling, another species, is



from sixteen to twenty-four inches long. They will both rise equally at an artificial fly, but require generally a more showy one than the common trout.

The *Grayling* or *Umber*, spawns in May, and is in the best condition in November. They will greedily take all the baits that a trout does, and frequent the same streams. They are said to have the fragrant smell of the plant thymallus. Their average length is from sixteen to eighteen inches; and they must be angled for with very fine tackle, as they are a remarkably timid fish. When hooked, they must also be cautiously worked, as the hold in their mouth easily gives way: but they will speedily return to the bait. It is fine eating; unknown to Scotland or Ireland.

The *Gudgeon* is a fish in some request, both for its flavor and the sport it affords to the inexperienced angler. It is very simple, and is allured with almost any kind of bait. It spawns two or three times during the year; is generally from five to six inches long, and fond of gentle streams with a gravelly bottom. In angling for gudgeon, the bottom should be previously stirred up, as this rouses them from a state of inactivity, and collects them in shoals together. Some anglers use two or three hooks in gudgeon fishing. A float is always used, but the fish should not be struck on the first motion of it: as they are accustomed to nibble the bait before they swallow it. It frequently happens, that in angling for gudgeons perch are caught.

The *Loach*, or *Groundling*, sheds its spawn in April, and remains in the gravel: where they are usually caught with a small red worm. They are principally found in the North of Great Britain, and in the streams of the mountainous parts. They are about three inches in length; and their flesh is pleasant and wholesome. This fish is recommended by Gesner and other learned physicians as very nourishing, and extremely grateful to the palate and stomach of sick persons.

The *Minnow*, or *Minim*, one of the smallest river fish, seldom exceeds two inches in length. They spawn generally about once in two or three years, and swim together in shoals, in shallow waters, where they are very free and bold in biting. They serve also as excellent baits for pike, trout, chub, perch, and many other fish, which prey upon them and devour them greedily.

J. W.

## STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF JOHN KEMBLE.

—Non ego te meis  
Chartis inornatum silebo,  
Totve tuos patriar labores  
Impune, \*\*\*; carpere lividas  
Obliviones.

The star that o'er departed years  
Shed forth its bright and beauteous  
beam,

Even as its brilliance disappears,  
Proclaims that life is all a dream.  
Kemble! before our visions thou  
Did'st pass, the paragon of men;  
Thine eyes flashed lightnings, and thy  
brow

Awed darkness to her den!

Thy genius took a thousand forms,  
To grace—to dazzle—to dismay—  
Now brooding o'er dim gather'd storms,  
Now shedding rosy, radiant day.  
Witness the Moor's all-jealous ire;  
Witness the Prince's restless eye;  
Witness the King's contrition dire,  
The Roman's dignity!

Thou stood'st, an emblem to our eyes,  
Of all that saddens or sublimes—  
A form descended from the skies,  
To nobly image ancient times—  
To say, "Behold in me revived,  
Torn from tradition's pictured page,  
One, who in guilt or glory lived,  
In some far vanished age!"

Lo! even thou the shade art fled—  
Upon a far romantic shore,  
Fate bade thee mingle with the dead,  
And we behold thy form no more!  
No more!—yet brightly shalt thou  
shine,

A thought that never can depart,  
Mingled with youth's warm dreams  
divine,

In many a grateful heart.

Amidst admiring thousands, thou  
The awful passions of the soul  
Badest rise and work; and o'er thy  
brow,

The sun did shine, the storm did  
roll;

Love, like the zephyr's vernal sigh—  
Anger, like Etna when it burns—  
Despair, guilt, and jealousy,  
In all their varied turns.

But thou hast left us—thou art gone  
To rest in low and lonely bed,  
Torn off from life, an added one  
To the great legion of the dead.  
Shakspeare! his wreath is twined  
with yours;

With you he blends his deathless lot;  
Ne'er while the Drama's reign endures,  
Can Kemble be forgot!

## PETER PINDARICS;

OR, JOE MILLER VERSIFIED.

## WHIST;

## A TALE OF TRICKS.

Cards, those delightful temper-trying things,  
The comic muse now comically sings,  
And nothing more than sings, she bids me say,  
Mortals may win or lose—the muse dont play—  
Except with kings and queens, and then she craves  
To be exempt from party coloured knaves.

My theme I said was Whist.—Allow Me, and I'll tell my story now :  
Perhaps you dont know Mrs. Cooper ?  
—Well,

No matter ;—only my tale is what befel  
That good old lady on a certain day,  
Or rather evening I should say.—  
Ladies, excuse me, I must pause,  
Having infringed decorum's laws.  
For old read *elderly*, and then  
Forgive the lapsus linguae of my pen ;  
For, I assure you, head nor heart,  
In the *faux pas*, have had a part.

Good Mrs. Cooper had, as I have hinted,  
Advanced some distance in the vale

of years,  
Her eyes had lost their fire, and stunted  
Were they of the pow'r to raise, or hopes, or fears ;

In truth, she was a little purblind,  
which  
Happens in course of time to poor and rich.

Good soul ! she dearly loved a hand at whist,  
And when proposed, she never could resist.

Upon the evening mentioned, she,  
As comes in turn, must dealer be ;  
From hand to hand the cards were past,  
Shuffled, and came to her at last ;  
She shuffled also—understand,  
None at her house play'd slight of hand ;

Yet somehow when the cards she dealt,

And each opponent anxious felt,  
And while the trump lay on the board,  
That each a sight it might afford,  
A trick was played, by some strange means,

Which foiled her aces, kings and queens ;

For while the cards were being sorted,  
One slyly with her trump card sported,

And chang'd it for another suit,  
By which his hand was better suited,  
And, unobserved by all and mute,

He the old lady's card commuted.  
Now this was rather hard upon her,  
Whether 'twas playing card or honour ;  
If I had said it was too bad,  
'Twere right, for 'twas the only trump she had,

Which made it *thirteen* times more hard,

For truly 'twas the *thirteenth* card.

Shortly the lady's partner played  
One of the very suit which she  
Had turn'd as trump. Trumps ! he call'd out ;

She fumbled, felt, and turn'd her cards about,

And seem'd astonish'd and dismayed !  
Each guest with expectation sat,  
Wondering what Mrs. Cooper would be at,

When sudden on the table plump  
She pops her cards, and cries, bless me !

I dealt, and have not got a trump !

W. I. F.

## REVELS AT LINCOLN'S INN.

Dugdale, in his *Orig. Jurid.* cap. 64, gives the following account of the revels at Lincoln's Inn :—" And that nothing might be wanting for their encouragement in this excellent study [the law] they have very anciently had dancings for their recreations and delight, commonly called revels, allowed at certain seasons ; and that by special order of the Society, as appeareth in 9 Hen. VI. viz. that there should be four revels in that year, and no more ; one at the feast of All-Hallowen : another at the feast of St. Erkenwald : the third at the feast of the Purification of our Lady ; and the fourth at Midsummer day ; one person yearly elected of the Society being made choice of for director in those pastimes, called the master of the revels. Nor were these exercises of dancing merely permitted, but thought very necessary as it seems, and much conducing to the making of gentlemen more fit for their books at other times : for by an order made, 6th February, 7 Jac., it appears that the under-barristers were by decimation put out of commons for example's sake, because the whole bar offended by not dancing on Candlemas-day preceding, according to the ancient order of this Society, when the Judges were present, with this, that if the like fault were committed afterwards, they should be fined or disbarred.



## Vienna.



Vienna, of which the above engraving presents a neat and picturesque view, is the capital of the Austrian Empire. It is built on a plain on the right bank of the Danube, in the province of Lower Austria, and under the name of *Viadobona*, was long the head-quarters of a Roman legion. The shape of this metropolis is irregular; and the city forms a town distinct from the suburbs, which formerly consisted of a number of straggling villages, that are now connected together, and surrounded by a wall twelve miles in circumference, or four times the extent of the city wall.

Vienna has eight squares, the best of which is called *Am Hof*; the streets, with the exception of the *Graben*, are all narrow; most of them are paved, but some are not so, and are consequently very dirty: they are all well lighted at night. The churches, which form a prominent feature in most cities, are 29 in number, besides fourteen monasteries and three convents. The cathedral, which is dedicated to St. Stephen, is an ancient Gothic building, built about the year 1270; but the interior is elegant, and the tower of enormous height. The church of St. Peter is in the Italian style; it contains the most interesting public monument in Vienna, that erected to the Archduchess Maria Christina by her husband, and considered as one of the master-pieces of Canova.

Vienna is rich in charitable institutions, which are numerous and well

endowed: the great hospital often receives 10,000 patients in a year. The University is not large, but the Imperial library is very extensive. It occupies a large hall, 260 feet in length and 150 feet in breadth, and is said to consist of 12,000 manuscripts and 300,000 printed volumes. The library of the University contains 90,000 volumes. There are several other literary and scientific institutions of eminence.

Vienna is 630 miles E. of Paris, and 890 S. E. of London. Its population varies, according to the influx of strangers, from 230,000 to 270,000 persons, which is its highest estimate.

### SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

#### SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

The following appalling instance of spontaneous combustion occurred in the vicinity of Florence, in 1776.

"Don Gio Maria Bertholi having spent the day in travelling about the country, arrived in the evening at the house of his brother-in-law; he immediately requested to be shewn to his destined apartment, where he had a handkerchief placed between his shirt and shoulders, and being left alone, betook himself to his devotions. A few minutes had scarcely elapsed when an extraordinary noise was heard from the apartment, and the cries of the unfortunate priest were particularly distin-

guished; the people of the house hastily entering the room, found him extended on the floor, and surrounded by a light flame which receded (*à measure*) as they approached, and finally vanished. On the following morning, the patient was examined by M. Battaglia, who found the integuments of the right arm almost entirely detached and pendant from the flesh; from the shoulders to the thighs the integuments were equally injured; and on the right hand, the part most injured, mortification had already commenced, which, notwithstanding immediate scarification, rapidly extended itself. The patient complained of burning thirst, was horribly convulsed, and was exhausted by continual vomiting, accompanied by fever and delirium. On the fourth day, after two hours of comatose insensibility, he expired; during the whole period of his suffering, it was impossible to trace any systematic affection. A short time previous to his disease, M. Battaglia observed with astonishment, that putrefaction had made so much progress, that the body already exhaled an insufferable odour, worms crawled from it on the bed, and the nails had become detached from the left hand.

"The account given by the unhappy patient was, that he felt a stroke like the blow of a cudgel on the right hand, and at the same time he saw a lambent flame attach itself to his shirt, which was immediately reduced to ashes, his wristbands at the same time being utterly untouched. The handkerchief, which, as before mentioned, was placed between his shoulders and his shirt, was entire, and free from any trace of burning; his breeches were equally uninjured; but though not a hair of his head was burnt, his coil was totally consumed. The weather on the night of the accident was calm, the air very pure; no empyreumatic or bituminous odour was perceived in the room, which was also free from smoke; there was no vestige of fire, except that the lamp, which had been full of oil, was found dry, and the wick reduced to cinder.

"M. Fodoré observes, that the inflamed hydrogen, occasionally observed in church-yards, vanishes on the approach of the observer, like the flame which consumed P. Bertholi; and as he, in common with others, has remarked that this gas is developed in certain cases of disease, even in the living body, he seems inclined to join M. Mere in attributing this species of spontaneous combustion to the united action

of hydrogen and electricity in the first instance, favoured by the accumulation of animal oil and the impregnation of spirituous liquors."—*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*.

#### ANECDOTE OF MR. KEAN, THE ACTOR.

When Kean, the actor, was at Portsmouth two or three years ago, he was requested by the manager and two or three more, after one morning's rehearsal, to accompany them to take a bottle of Madeira and a biscuit. Kean objected at first, but at length consented, and away they went to one of the first-rate inns in Portsmouth. The landlord, when apprised that Mr. Kean was of the party, ushered them into an elegant room; thanked the actor for the honour that he did him, and for ten minutes overwhelmed him with obsequious civilities. Kean bore it well for some time, but at length, knitting his brow and fixing his eye upon the landlord with that tremendous expression, which we have all witnessed, said, "Mr. H—, I came into your house at the request of these gentlemen to partake of some refreshment, and not to be pestered with your civilities, which to me are so many insults; look at me, Sir, well, you do not recollect me, I see, but you know that I am Mr. Kean, Edmund Kean, Sir; the same Edmund Kean that I was fifteen years ago, when you kept a very small inn in Portsmouth. At that time, Sir, I was a member of a strolling company of players, and came with the troop to your fair, where I acted. I remember well that I went one day into the bar of your house, and called for half a pint of porter, which, after I had waited your pleasure patiently, was given to me by you, with one hand, as the other was extended to receive the money; never, Sir, shall I forget your insolent demeanor, and the acuteness of my feelings. Now, Mr. H—, things are altered, you are in a fine hotel, and I am—but never mind; you are still plain H—, and I am Edmund Kean, the same Edmund Kean that I was fifteen years ago, when you insulted me; look at me again, Sir, what alteration beyond that of dress do you discover in me? am I a better man than I was then? What is there in me now that you should overwhelm me with your compliments? Go to, Mr. H—, I am ashamed of you, keep your wine in your cellar. I will have none of it." Having said this, the indignant actor

turned his back upon the mortified landlord and left the house with his companions.—*European Magazine*.

### SURNAMES.

#### A LONDON LYRIC.

MEN once were surnamed from their shape or estate,

(You all may from History worm it)  
There was Lewis the Bulky, and Henry the Great,

John Lackland, and Peter the Hermit.

But now, when the door-plates of Mistresses and Dames

Are read, each so constantly varies  
From the owner's trade, figure, and calling, Surnames  
Seem given by the rule of contraries.

Mr. Box, though provoked, never doubles his fist,

Mr. Burns in his grate has no fuel,  
Mr. Playfair won't catch me at hazard or whist,

Mr. Coward was wing'd in a duel.  
Mr. Wise is a dunce, Mr. King is a Whig,

Mr. Coffin's uncommonly sprightly,  
And huge Mr. Little broke down in a gig

While driving fat Mrs. Golightly.

Mrs. Drinkwater's apt to indulge in a dram,

Mrs. Angel's an absolute fury,  
And meek Mr. Lyon let fierce Mr. Lamb

Tweak his nose in the lobby of Drury.  
At Bath, where the feeble go more than the stout,

(A conduct well worthy of Nero)  
Over poor Mr. Lightfoot, confined with the gout,

Mr. Heavyside danced a Bolero.

Miss Joy, wretched maid, when she chose Mr. Love,

Found nothing but sorrow await her;  
She now holds in wedlock, as true as a dove,

That fondest of mates, Mr. Hayter.  
Mr. Oldcastle dwells in a modern-built hut,

Miss Sage is of madcaps the archest;  
Of all the queer bachelors Cupid e'er cut,

Old Mr. Younghusband's the starchiest.

Mr. Child, in a passion, knock'd down Mr. Rock,

Mr. Stone like an aspen-leaf shivers,  
Miss Poole used to dance, but she stands like a stock,

Ever since she became Mrs. Rivers.

Mr. Swift hobbles onward, no mortal knows how,  
He moves as though cords had entwined him,

Mr. Metcalfe ran off, upon meeting a cow,

With pale Mr. Turnbull behind him,

Mr. Barker's as mute as a fish in the sea,

Mr. Miles never moves on a journey,  
Mr. Gotobed sits up till half-after-three,

Mr. Makepeace was bred an attorney.  
Mr. Gardener can't tell a flower from a root,

Mr. Wilde with timidity draws back.  
Mr. Ryder performs all his journeys on foot,

Mr. Foote all his journeys on horse-back.

Mr. Penny, whose father was rolling in wealth,

Kick'd down all the fortune his dad won,

Large Mr. Le Fever's the picture of health,

Mr. Goodenough is but a bad one.  
Mr. Cruickshank slept into three thousand a year,

By shewing his leg to an heiress:—  
Now I hope you'll acknowledge I've made it quite clear

Surnames ever go by Contraries.

*New Monthly Magazine.*

### Miscellanies.

#### PEDIGREE OF AN ARABIAN HORSE.

The following pedigree of an Arabian horse, which was purchased in Egypt during the war against the French, by Colonel Ainslie, was hung round the neck of the animal:

In the name of God the merciful and compassionate, and of Seed Mohamed, agent of the High God, and of the companions of Mohammed, and of Jerusalem. Praised be the Lord the omnipotent Creator.

This is a high bred horse, and its colt's tooth is here in a bag about his neck, with his pedigree, and of undoubted authority, such as no infidel can refuse to believe. He is the son of Rabbamy, out of the dam Labadah, and equal in power to his sire; of the tribe of Zashalah; he is finely moulded, and made for running like an ostrich. In the honours of relationship, he reckons Zaluah sire of Mahat, sire of Kallac, and the unique Alket sire of Manasseh, sire of Alsheh, father of the race down to the famous horse, the sire of

Labalala; and to him be ever abundance of green meat, and corn, and water of life, as a reward from the tribe of Zazhalah; and may a thousand branches shade his carcase from the hyena of the tomb, from the howling wolf of the desert, and let the tribe of Zazhalah present him with a festival within an inclosure of walls; and let thousands assemble at the rising of the sun in troops hastily, where the tribe holds up under a canopy of celestial signs within the walls, the saddle with the name and family of the possessor. Then let them strike the bands with a loud noise incessantly, and pray to God for immunity for the tribe of Zoab, the inspired tribe.

#### CHRISTENING CUSTOMS.

The learned Dr. Moresin informs us of a remarkable custom, which he himself was an eye witness of in Scotland: they take, says he, on their return from church, the newly-baptised infant, and vibrate it three or four times gently over a flame, saying, and repeating it thrice, "Let the flame consume thee now or never."—Grose tells us there is a superstition that a child who does not cry when sprinkled in baptism, will not live. He has added another idea equally well founded, that children prematurely wise are not long lived, that is, rarely reach maturity; a notion which we find quoted by Shakspeare, and put into the mouth of Richard the Third. It appears to have been anciently the custom of christening entertainments, for the guests not only to eat as much as they pleased, but also, for the ladies at least, to carry away as much as they liked in their pockets.—Hutchinson, in his History of Northumberland, tells us, that children in that county, when first sent abroad in the arms of the nurse, to visit a neighbour, are presented with an egg, salt, and fine bread.—It was anciently the custom for the sponsors at christenings to offer gilt spoons as presents to the child: these spoons were called Apostle-spoons, because the figures of the twelve apostles were chased or carved on the tops of the handles. Opulent sponsors gave the whole twelve. Those in middling circumstances gave four; and the poorer sort contented themselves with the gift of one, exhibiting the figure of any saint, in honour of whom the child received its name.—*Brand's Popular Antiquities.*

#### FILIAL AFFECTION.

Alphonso, King of Portugal, made a journey to France, in order to solicit succour for the support of his niece Johanna's claim to Castile. From the cold treatment he met with at the Court of Louis the Eleventh, he could entertain no hopes of success; and was even apprehensive of being delivered up to Ferdinand, the reigning king of Castile. To divert the prosecution of any bad design against him, he gave out, that he intended to renounce the world, and spend the remainder of his days in the exercises of penitential devotion: he also wrote an eternal adieu to Don Juan, his son—ordering him to cause himself to be proclaimed king without the loss of a moment. After having despatched his letter of resignation, he privately withdrew, and it was reported that he had crossed the seas on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem; but, in consequence of a strict search after him, he was discovered in a village near Haulleur. As the interest of Louis now required him to protect Alphonso, to play him off against Ferdinand and Isabella, (then negotiating with Maximilian, who having married the heiress of Burgundy, was become master of the Netherlands,) he advised him to return to his own dominions, and commanded the Prince of Normandy to furnish requisites for the voyage. Don Juan in the mean time, pursuant to his father's orders, had convened the States of Portugal to settle his coronation, and that ceremony was scarcely over, when he received advice that the King his father was landed.

Every consideration immediately gave way to filial duty; the prince abdicated the throne, laid aside the insignia of royalty, and rushed into his father's arms. Alphonso insisted on his resuming the crown, but he, for the first time, ventured to disobey him, and could not be prevailed on to accept of any other title than that of the most faithful of his subjects.

When the Duchess of Rutland, the daughter of the celebrated Lady Rachel Russel, died, the amiable mother wished to conceal it from another of her daughters, the Duchess of Devonshire, who at that time was lying in. To prevent her from hearing it suddenly, she avoided the too particular inquiries of the Duchess, by saying that she had that day "seen her sister out of bed," when in fact she had seen her in her coffin.

## SINGULAR INSCRIPTION.

At the entrance of the church of San Salvador, in the city of Oviedo, in Spain, is a tomb, erected by a Prince named *Silo*, with a Latin inscription, which may be read 370 ways, by beginning with the capital S in the centre.

## SILO PRINCERS FECIT.

T I C E F S P E C N C E P S F E C I T  
 I C E F S P E C N I N C E P S F E C I  
 C E F S P E C N I R I N C E P S F E C  
 E F S P E C N I R P R I N C E P S F E  
 F S P E C N I R P O P R I N C E P S F  
 S P E C N I R P O L O P R I N C E P S  
 F E C N I R P O L I L O P R I N C E P  
 E C N I R P O L I S I L O P R I N C E  
 F E C N I R P O L I L O P R I N C E P  
 S P E C N I R P O L O P R I N C E P S  
 F S P E C N I R P O P R I N C E P S F  
 E F S P E C N I R P R I N C E P S F E  
 C E F S P E C N I R I N C E P S F E C  
 I C E F S P E C N I N C E P S F E C I  
 T I C E F S P E C N C E P S F E C I T

On the tomb are inscribed these letters:

H. S. E. S. S. T. T. L.

## A LAWYER'S BILL.

Attending on your worship, to	
Receive your charge, to plead or no, }	Q 6 8
Your honour then was out of town,	
The next day met you at the Crown; }	0 6 8
Perusing title writings then; .....	0 3 4
The Thursday after met again; .....	0 6 8
The Bill was filed, and I began, Sir,	
To take instructions for your answer; }	0 14 6
Attendance, trouble, and my Clerk .....	0 9 2
Was forced to travel in the dark; .....	0 14 6
Revising, altering, and so forth,	
You needs must own my labour worth }	0 6 8
Was greatly pleased on second view; .....	0 3 4
Again attended upon you; .....	0 6 8
Fair copy, closely wrote, ten sheets; }	4 4 0
This and 'th'original completes, .....	
Attending to peruse the same; .....	0 6 8
Two hours waiting 'ere you came; .....	0 3 4
Subpoenas, summons, and the rest; .....	2 2 0
Attended once completely drest; .....	0 14 0
Counsel, pleading, and the like, ...	1 1 0
For tipping fairly, pike and pike; .....	3 4 0
Fair copy of this placid bill; .....	0 3 4
Porters, letters, servant Will; .....	0 16 6
Expenses of our meeting, you }	
Discharg'd beforehand, nothing due; }	

£17 7 6

The full contents are now strictly paid,

By Client S. T. U. aforesaid.

## WESTON'S WILL.

Weston, the Comedian, a few weeks before his death, said to a friend, "if you will write for me I will make my will." The friend complied, and Weston dictated, not puns, but strong sense and keen satire. I, Thomas

Weston, comedian, hating all form and ceremony, shall use none in my Will, but proceed immediately to the explaining of my intentions.—*Imprints.* As from Mr. Foote I derived all my consequence in life, and as it is the best thing I am in possession of, I would,

in gratitude at my decease, leave it to the said Mr. Foote; but I know he neither stands in need of it as an author, actor, nor as a man; the public have fully proved it in the two first, and his good nature and humanity have secured it to him in the last.

*Item.* I owe some obligations to Mr. Garrick; I therefore bequeath him all the money I die possessed of, as there is nothing on earth he is so very fond of.

*Item.* Though I owe no obligation to Mr. Harris, yet his having shown a sincere regard for the performers of his theatre (by assisting them in their necessities, and yet taking no advantage thereof, by driving a Jew bargain at their signing fresh articles) demands from me, as an actor, some acknowledgment; I therefore leave him the entire possession of that satisfaction which must naturally result on reflecting that, during his management, he has never done any thing base or mean to sully his character as an honest man, or a gentleman.

*Item.* I have played under the management of Mr. Jefferson, at Richmond, and received from him every politeness; I therefore leave him all my stock of prudence, it being the only good quality I think he stands in need of.

*Item.* I give to Mr. Reddish a grain of honesty; 'tis indeed a small legacy, but, being a rarity to him, I think he will not refuse to accept it.

*Item.* I leave Mr. Yates all my spirit.

*Item.* I leave Mrs. Yates my humility.

*Item.* Upon reflection, I think it wrong to give separate legacies to a man and his wife; therefore I revoke the above bequests, and leave, to be enjoyed by them jointly, *peace, harmony, and good nature.*

*Item.* Notwithstanding my illness, I think I shall outlive Ned Shuter; if I should not, I had thoughts of leaving him my example how to *live*; but that I am afraid would be of little use to him; I therefore leave him my example how to *die*.

*Item.* I leave Mr. Brereton a small portion of *modesty*. Too much of one thing is good for nothing.

*Item.* As Mr. Jacobs has been a long while *engendering* for dead men's shoes, I leave him two or three pairs (the worst I have,) they being good enough in all conscience for him.

*Item.* Though the want of vanity be a proof of understanding, yet I would

recommend to my old friend Baddeley, to make use of a little of the first, though it cost him more than he would willingly pay for it. It will increase not only his consequence with the public, but his salary with the managers; but, however, should his stomach turn against it as nauseous, he may use for a succedaneum a small quantity of *opinion*, and it will answer the purpose as well.

*Item.* Mr. Quick has long laboured to obtain the applause of the public; the method he has taken is a vague one: the surest method to obtain his end is to copy *Nature*; *experientia docet*.

*Item.* As I would not forget my friends, particularly old ones, I leave Charles Bannister my portrait, to be taken when I am dead, and to be worn about his neck as a memento to him, that regularity is among the most certain methods to procure health and long life.

*Item.* Dibble Davis claims something at my hands, from the length of our acquaintance; I therefore leave him my constitution, but I am afraid, when I die, it will be scarcely better than his own.

*Item.* I leave to the ladies, in general, on the stage (if not the reality, yet) the appearance of *modesty*: 'twill serve them on more occasions than they are aware of.

*Item.* To the gentlemen of the stage, some show of *prudence*.

*Item.* To the authors of the present times, a smattering of *humour*.

*Item.* To the public, a grateful heart.

#### ARISE AND COME WI' ME.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

" Arise and come wi' me, my love,  
My sail is spread, and see,  
My merry men and gallant bark  
To breast the billows free.  
Green Neva's isle is fair, my love,  
And Saba sweet to see,  
The deep flood scenting far, my love,  
So bask and come wi' me."

" I wad nae gie yon heathy hill  
Where wild bees sing so soon—  
I wad nae gie that bloomy bush  
Where birdies lilt in June,—  
Yon good green wood, that grassy glen,  
This small brook streaming free,  
For all the isles of spice and slaves  
Upon the sunny sea."

" Thy kirtle shall be satin, love,  
All jewelled to the knee,  
The rudest wind that fills my sail  
Shall waft red gold to thee,



And thou shalt sit on seats of silk,  
Thy handmaids on the floor,  
The richest spice, the rarest fruits,  
Shall scent thy chamber door."

"On lonely Siddick's sunward banks  
The hazel nuts hang brown,  
And many proud eyes gaze at me  
All in my homely gown.  
My fingers long and lily-white  
Are maids more meet for me,  
Than all the damsels of the isles,  
Who sing amid the sea."

He stepped one step from her, and said,  
"How tender, true, and long,  
I've loved thee, lived for thee, and  
fought,

Might grace some landward song;  
My song maun be the sounding wave,  
My good bark breasting through—"   
He waved his hand—he could nae say  
My Jean a long adieu!

She was a sweet and lovesome lass,  
Wl' a dark an' downcast ee;  
Now she's a wedded dame and douce,  
With bairnies at her knee:  
Yet oft she thinks on the sailor lad  
When the sea leaps on the shore.—  
His heart was broke—and a storm came  
on—

He ne'er shall waken more.

### The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of  
other men's stuff."—*Wotton*.

LORD ANSON.—On a stone pedestal  
against the inn at Goodwood, in Sus-  
sex, is the Lion, carved in wood,  
which adorned the head of Commodore  
Anson's ship, the *Centurion*, during  
the circumnavigation of the globe. It  
has the following inscription:  
Stay Traveller awhile and view

One who has travelled more than you,  
Quite round the globe; in each degree,  
Anson and I have plowed the sea;  
Torrid and frigid zones have passed,  
And safe ashore arrived at last;  
In ease and dignity appear:  
He in the House of Lords—I here.

WIT FOR THE BAKERS.—There are  
now living and in repute the following  
bakers:—Benjamin Ball, brown bread  
and biscuit baker, by Battersea bridge;  
and Sampson Knott, baker, Blackfriars  
Road. The former ought to have a  
very industrious concern, having so  
many B.'s attached to his profession.  
With respect to the latter, you may say  
with truth there is not a baker in the  
Blackfriars' Road.

SEDAN CHAIRS.—They were first in-  
troduced in London in 1684, when Sir  
Sanders Duncomb obtained the sole  
privilege to let, use, and hire a number  
of them for 14 years. The first one  
was seen in England (says Hume) in  
the reign of James the First, and was  
used by the Duke of Buckingham, to  
the great indignation of the people,  
who exclaimed, that he employed his  
fellow-creatures to do the service of  
brutes. In 1694 they were taxed.

Gay says,  
Let not the *chairmen* with assuming  
stride,  
Press near the wall and rudely thrust  
thy side;

The laws have set him bounds: his  
servile feet  
Should ne'er encroach where posts de-  
fend the street.

An Irishman once got into one of  
these vehicles to go to a wedding, and  
finding the bottom out, was hurried  
through the mud and dirt; when set  
down and asked how he liked it, he  
said, "Why faith I might as well have  
walked but for name of the thing."

### Lines on a Horse.

Taken from a Window at an Inn at  
Peterborough, Northamptonshire.

Up hill hurry me not,  
Down hill trot me not;  
On level ground spare me not,  
If in the stable I'm not forgot.

DR. GOLDSMITH.—The following an-  
nouncement of the death of this eminent  
writer appeared in one of the journals  
of the time:

1774, April 4.—Died Dr. Oliver  
Goldsmith. *Deserted is the Village;*  
*the Traveller* hath laid him down to  
rest; *the Good-Natured Man* is no  
more; he *Stoops* but to *Conquer*; the  
*Vicar* hath performed his sad office; it  
is a mournful lesson, from which the  
*Hermit* may essay to meet the dread  
tyrant with more than *Grecian* or *Roman*  
fortitude.

### Epitaph on a Spendthrift.

Stop, passenger, for here is laid  
One who the debt of nature paid.  
This is not strange, the reader cries,  
We all know here a dead man lies:  
You're right; but stop, I'll tell you  
more,  
He never paid a debt before;  
And now he's gone, I'll further say,  
He never will another pay.

## PUNNING MOTTOS.

*Ne Vile Fano.*—"Disgrace not the altar." Motto of the Fanes, Earls of Westmoreland.

*Templa quam delecta!*—"Temples how beloved!" Motto of the late Earl Temple.

*Ne Vile Velis.*—"Form no mean wish." The Nevilles, Lords of Aber-gavenny.

*Ver non semper virit.*—"The spring is not always Green." Lord Vernon.

*Vero nihil verius.*—"Nothing is truer than truth." Lord Vere.

*Cavendo tutus.*—"Secure by Caution." The Cavendishes, Dukes of Devonshire.

*Bonne et Bellassez.*—"Good and handsome enough." Bellasyse, Earl of Fauconberg.

*Me frangas non flectas.*—"You may break, but cannot bend me." House of Stafford.

**NOVEL APPLICATION OF CLOCK WORK.**—This novelty (says a correspondent) consists of an apparatus just constructed by Mr. T. W. George (St. George's, East), which by the sole agency of a clock, lights a candle at any desired time of night. It is constructed in the following manner:—a pistol lock is let in a piece of wood, which is primed with a few grains of pulverized gunpowder; a match is next suspended over the priming, in a slope with the candle's snuff, it is then cocked, and a rod of a peculiar construction, attached to the trigger, is drawn out a certain distance, and secured by a tooth—the apparatus is now ready—the alarm at the desired hour runs off, and wakes the workmen up to an early rising business, and the alarm weight in descending comes upon the trigger rod, which it lets loose, and effects the desired end instantaneously.

## THE MIRROR.

"Come, bring me the Mirror," said  
Truth with a smile.

"The little thing teeming with  
sweets!

And let me the gloomy-born moments  
beguile.

The stupor that knowledge defeats."

"Bright Mirror! thy pages are fraught  
with delight!

Variety calls thee its own!  
While pleasure, instruction, and genius  
unite,

To make thee extensively known."

UTOPIA.

**EPITAPH IN EALING CHURCH-YARD.**  
Here lies the body of John Day  
Shut up in this cold house of clay.  
As he was passing by a dray  
God thought fit to call him away.  
To join the heavenly harmony.

## THE BRUSH.

Some men brush on and some brush  
off;

And some brush out of sight!  
While Griefes's\* brush, makes thou-  
sands rush

To see it every night.

\* The eminent talents of this distin-  
guished artist, have been for a series  
of years displayed in the beautiful scenery  
produced at Covent Garden The-  
atre.

Lotteries are resorted to in the  
United States on all occasions. At  
Natches there was one for building a  
Presbyterian Church. The "Scheme"  
was preceded by a long address upon  
the advantages of religion, and the ne-  
cessity of all citizens supporting Chris-  
tianity, by purchasing tickets in this  
holy lottery!! If the late Chancellor of  
the Exchequer had known of such an ex-  
pedient when the new church bill was  
agitated, who can tell what might have  
been done here in England?

A learned gentleman who had failed  
in an attempt to obtain a seat in Parlia-  
ment for a borough in Wiltshire, previ-  
ously to leaving London, mentioned to  
a friend, that he was going to contest  
the borough; at the same time affecting  
to feel a doubt as to his abilities for  
speaking in the House of Commons, he  
said, "I doubt much if I have *calibre*  
enough for Parliament."—"Pooh,  
pooh!" replied the other, "they will  
find that you are a *great nozz*."

Among the addresses presented to  
James I. on his accession to the throne,  
was one from the town of Shrewsbury, in  
which the loyal inhabitants expressed a  
wish, that his majesty might reign as  
long as the sun, moon, and stars endur-  
ed.—"Faith mon," said the king, "if I  
do reign so long, my son must govern  
by candlelight!"

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. T. W. Edgar, Procurator, Prih-  
taso, and Allegoricus, in our next, when  
we shall give answers to the rest of  
our Correspondents.

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